not a ripple to break the mirror-like clear-ness of still waters. It was as if the hush of death lay everywhere. True earthquake weather, more than one of the vilingers ob-served, as they noted the oppressive still-ness of the air and the strange quiet of the racked earth.

Thomas T. Prentis, United States Consul at St. Pierre, was sitting on the veranta of his home in early hours of the following morning. A friend came driving by in a

buggy.
"You had better get out of this," he "You had better get out of this," he

called to the Consul. "Tm getting out, and getting out as fast as I can."

"Oh, you are just merely a little scared,"

Mr. Prentis replied, "There is no need of any one going away."

"Its better to be safe than sorry," retorted the citizen as he whipped up his team and hystered on

team and hastened on. It is from this man who witnessed the It is from this man who winessed the disaster a short time later from a neighbor-ing elevation, from the few who survived the wreckaze in the offing and the few who that the only eye witness version can be lad.

Doomed City's Last Breath.

The hour of the disaster is placed at about so'clock. A clerk in Fort De France called another by telephone in St. Pierre and was talking with him at five minutes to eight, by Fort De France time, when he heard a sudden, awful shriek and then could

hear no more.

The little that actually happened then may be briefly, very briefly, told.

It is known that at one minute there lay a city smiling in the summer morning; that in another it was a mass of swirling flames, with every soul of its 30,000 writhing in the throcs of death.

One moment and church bells were ring-ing joyful chimes in the ears of St. Pierre's 20,000 people; in the next the flame-clogged bells were sobbing a requiem for 20,000 dead. One waft of morning breeze flowed over cathedral spires and domes, over facades and arches and roofs and angles of a popand arches and tools and angles of a pop-ulous and light-hearted city; the next swept a lone mass of white hot rulns.

The sun glistened one moment on sparkling fountains, green parks and placid ponds; its next ray shone on fusing metal, bilstered,flame-wrecked squares and charred stumps of trees.

One day, and the city was all light and color, all gayety and grace; the next, and its ruins looked as though they had been crusted over with twenty centuries of soli-tude and silence.

ST. PIERRE IS AS DEAD AS POMPEII.

New City Can Arise Only on Ruins of the Old-Most of Bodies Buried Fathoms Deep.

BY HAMILTON PELTZ.

SPECIAL BY CABLE FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC'S AND NEW YORK HERALD'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. St. Pierre, May 19, via Herald-Republic Dispatch Boat Mary E. Luckenbach, to San Juan, Porto Rice, May 20.—(Copyright, 1902)—St. Pierre to-day is a vast charnel house. Skirting for nearly a league the blue waters of the Caribbean, its smoking ruins are the funeral pyre of 30,000, not one of whom lived long enough to tell a story that will stand grim, awful, unforgotten as that of Herculaneum, when the world is older by a thousand years.

St. Pierre is as dead as Pompeli. If men be found with hearts stout enough to build again beneath the steaming maw of Old Peles, a new city can rise only on the ruins of the old. St. Pierre is not only dead, but buried. Most of her people lie fathems deep in a tomb made in the twinkling of an eye by the collapse of their homes, and sealed forever under tons of boiling mud, avalanches of scoria and a hurricane of volcanic dust.

City of Ruins as She Appears To-Day.

Above the miles of piled debris rise here and there the relics of her 10,000 homes and commercial factories, ragged walls, rent, seamed and seared by fire. Fit monuments they are to the myriads of dead beneath, who are victims of the most heart-rending calamity of modern times!

In other parts of the city not even a roof peak or chimney thrusts its top through the sea of scoria. In the section known as the new town, winding up the slope of the mountain from the crescent of the roadstead, many of the city's most pretentious homes have utterly vanished, as a Swiss chalet is swept from sight by the rush of an alpine avaianche. At such points one is spared all the grewsome horrors of the scene elsewhere, for Pelee covered them under a pall of ashen dust as soft, impalpable and smooth as drifted snow, with only a scurry blown from the surface now and then into the blinking eyes of the explorer, blinded by the dazzle of the sunlight on the billowy gray-white surface of this volcanic

Old Pelee breathed upon the city and. Old Peice breathed upon the city and, under his dragon breath, fair St. Pierre shrivelled, crumbled and burned, as the wing of the moth is scorched in the flame of a torch. He breathed again and shrouded the dead city under a pall that mercifully hides in spots the ghastly relies of her former comeliness.

Herald-Republic Boat's Arrival.

Over the entombed city the voicano, from a dozen vents, yet pours its streaming vapors in long, curling weaths that mount thousands of feet aloft, like smoking fucense from a gigantic censer above the bler of some mighty dead.

Such was the picture when the Herald-Republic dispatch boat, Mary E. Luckenbach, yesterday stood in toward the shore, picking her way carefully among the charred wrecks that dot the harbor and

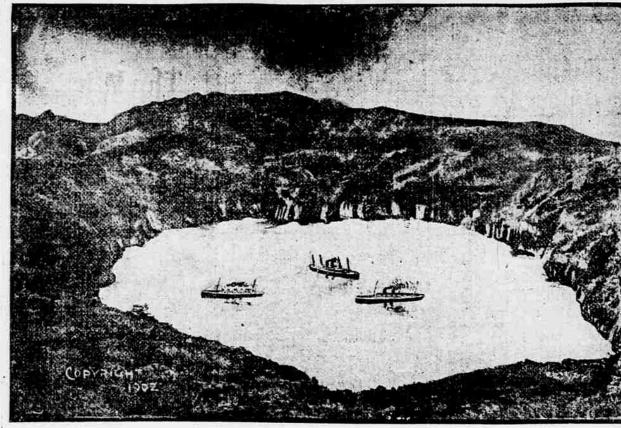
charred wrecks that dot the harbor, and se blackened timbers are the sole relics of steamships, merchantmen and smaller craft that went down, staggering and blazing, ten days ago, under the tornado of

No sign of life was there. As the steamer's boat was lowered away and pulled in toward the strand, so recently the center of a commercial seaport's busy life, no sound broke the perfect slience. Away to the north and southward, close to the water's edge, stretched the serried battlements of ruined walls, their tope ragged and crumbling, their roofs some. Blackened below ruined waits, their tops ragged and claim bling, their roofs gone. Blackened holes marked where their doors and windows had been. But the seaward row was only the first of many like it, marking the lines where the streets had run. Ther above tier, they stretched on the rising slope of the mountain, like the tiers of an amphithe-ater, following the crescent curve of the

Northward the ruins on the higher ground showed how the growing town had en-croached, unsuspecting, upon the rolling foothills, and even upon the steep inclines of the monster that was destined to destroy it from a vantage point 4,000 feet above. Then the panorama of desolation merged into the gleaming gray avalanche of dust that buries utterly what was proudly known as "The New Town."

Negro Looters Fled at Boat's Approach.

In the center of this two-mile crescent of scared and blackened walls, rose the dis-mantled towers of the Cathedral de Moullace. Close by it fire was spurting vicious-ly from the ruins of a factory, in which barrel staves were made for the three score distilleries of the town. For ten days the stacks of hardwood staves and piles of fin-ished casks had burned unchecked. Southward a blazing coal yard shot out jets of flame, and gave one more touch of bright coloring to a picture which, without it, was as comber as the cowl of a monk.



THE GREAT CRATER OF LA SCUFRIERE, ST. VINCENT'S FAMOUS "SULPHUR PIT," THREE MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

From a photograph made by a Republic correspondent with panoramic camera a few weeks before the eruption. Pictures of the well-known ocean steamships Oceanic, 705-1-2 feet long; Celtic, 700 feet long, and Deutschland, 686 feet long, have been placed on the surface of the lake in order to give an idea of its proportions.

down to the shore from amid the ruins. They were a party of negro looters. The approach of the Luckenbach had inter-rupted them at their work, and they scur-ried down to the beach and tumbled into a long dory which had lain hidden behind a haif-burned bulkhead, Closer inspection of their craft, during a brief parley, while the Luckenbach boat was run alongside showed that the other

craft was well filled with sliver tableware, blackened and much of it fused; with silver and copper coins, gnarled and twisted candelabra, bits of broken pottery, and mantel ornaments and detached pieces of

Gray Volcanic Dust Covered Everything.

All were coated with the gray dust that everything ashore the same pallid, asben hue.

This volcanic dust, from which Pelce wove the burial shroud of St. Pierre, is in color and texture strikingly suggestive of Portland cement before it had been mixed with water. It is equally impalpable, pow-dery and fine. Blown into the eyes it is in-tensely annoying, and to the mouth and nostrils it is more than unpleasant, as all on board the Luckebbach had learned dur-

ing the last half hour of the cruise.

Running in toward Pelee, and directly to the leeward of the volcano, the steamship's decks and awnings were well powdered. The man at the wheel grew red-eyed under the strain, and all hands had adjusted handkerchiefs over nostrils and mouths to facilitate breathing without inhaling the sul-phurous ashes. In a cloudy, whitish haze they floated down almost invisible, yet pungent and alkaline, of the smoke-capped peak nearly a mile above our mast trocks.

Monument Guards City of the Dead.

Perched on the summit of a high hill southward of the ruined city and on the line of the road to Fort de France a granite monument stands conspicuously facing seaward. Sentinel-like, unscathed by the blast, ward. Sentinel-like, unscathed by the blast, been the Company of the senting of the ward. Seather-tack, the active by the control of th to peep out to the southward of the area of arid desolation. Powdered as it is with siftings of volcanic dust, one may yet read upon its face that the citizens of St. Pierre erected it to commemorate the sailors who ost their lives in that harbor in the great cyclone of 1892, just a decade before the city tself was destined to meet its doom.

With little difficulty a landing was effected on the Marina directly in front of the ruin of the large rum warehouse of Lasser Freres. The wharves in front were littered with an inextricable tangle of rum casks barrel hoops and staves, heavy iron anchor chains, plies of conch shells and other maritime debris. The heavy masonry walls of the building, falling outward, had tumbled great masses of stone and shattered ma-chinery over the entire area and the powdery coverlet of fluttering dust had swathed dery coveriet of nuttering dust had swathed the whole in a cloak of neutral gray. Up to the second story above the ground the thick stone walls of the front had stood, though seamed and tottering.

Newspaper Party's Search of Ruins.

Here in the main doorway, at the very threshold of the place where he had tolled, was seen the first mute relic of human tragedy—a negro, broad-shouldered and strong. He had been a stevedore or warehouse porter, probably. The stone arch of the doorway had saved him from being crushed under the falling walls, and the masonry had shielded the body partially from fire.

The sleeves of his shirt had been rolle up to the elbows. Death had found him at his dally task and had struck him down where he stood; or, perchance, had caugh him in one desperate effort at flight through the doorway toward the harbot so close beyond, whose waters were soon a seething caldron under the blast of fire that seourged both land and sea.

Along the water front the plied debris was not so formidable as to seriously impede a good climber, but the moment one sought to penetrate to Bouille street, the next thoroughfare back from the shore, he encountered difficulties that called for the skill of an Alpine mountaineer. Mingled masonry, crumbling mortar, mud and ashes formed a foul, noisome series of hillocks, beneath which the dead lay by thousands. At every step the explorer encountered relics suggestive of the simple home life of the people. The wheels and pendulum of a mantel clock were kicked from out the debris as the party shuffled through the

Evidence of Ghouls' Work on All Sides.

The end of an old spring bed projected amid the ruins of a private house, and close beside it the relic of a human skull and the fragments of a spinal column indicated all that was left of its possible occupant. Pushing through Bouille street to the northward, the tangle became more and more intricate. Here and there the stone walls of the taller buildings, cracked and crumbling, leaned menacingly outward toward the center of the street. Seamed and rent with jagged cracks from base to

top, they looked as though the slightest far might bring them tumbling about the heads of those who ventured through. There had been commercial houses here and in a dozen places iron boxes and small safes had been routed out of the ruins and their fronts torn open by means of crowbars and other heavy tools. In some cases this had been done by the legitimate heirs As the bont drew nearer the deathlike stillness was broken by the crackling of the coal yard fire. No word was spoken to the property. In too many instances

In the deep gray powder that covered the surface of all things visible could be traced the footprints of the looters and of the rescuing partles who had traversed the ground

Save for these, the only evidences of life in the stricken town were the footprints of the sea birds along the strand.

First Sound Heard Is That of Water.

Here on the left is heard at last a sound In the death-like stillness it strikes upon the ear strangely. It is the ripple of gurgling water. Tracing it to its source we find a water pipe, the nozzle of which projects through the shattered wall of a private dwelling. From it the water, in pure, crystal plenty, is pouring down and welding the masses of ashes and cement-like powder beneath into a sticky paste.

St. Pierre's streets, with their trickling rivulets of mountain water, had been the pride of her citizens. Through all the blast of the this remnant of her water water.

of fire this remnant of her water system, at least, had survived. One of the party had approached the

One of the party had approached the trickling water to lave from his hands and face the choking accumulation of dust. As he did so he stepped back and paused. Directly below where the water fell lay huddled the remnants of a dead family.

From this point the Herald-Republic party, with difficulties increasing at every step. pushed further up the slope toward the heart of the town and into Victor Hugo

ing than by walking. At every step, bent and twisted iron girders, pieces of steel shafting, tons of tumbled masonry and piles of half-burned corpses barred the way. One sought instinctively to so turn his steps as not to desecrate the dead, but, try as he might, at every footstep his feet shuffled up the dust that covered a corpse.

Ruins of Cathedral

Through Victor Hugo street we penetrated to what had been the Cathedral de Moullace. Had it been hammered for a fortnight under the guns of a fleet of battleships its ruins could hardly have been more complete. Aloft, in the remnant of the higher of its two towers, a pair of bells yet hung tottering in the belfry. There for scores of years their mellow peal had summoned the pious Catholics of St. Pierre to early masses. But the peak of the tower, smitten by the resistless blast, had been detached bodily, together with the heavy iron framework supporting the largest bell of the chime; and the whole mass, twisted, bent and afterward welded in the fiery furnace, lay half buried forty feet away, in the patio of what had been he Parish house.

Of that structure, which had adjoined the Cathedral, and which, like it, had faced upon the Place de Moullace, not a fragment was left save its foundation walls.

In what had been its center could still be traced the circular basin from which had spurted a pretty fountain of water. This was filled with ashes, mortar and dust, through which projected the fragments of

numan bones.

Directly in front of the cathedral and the parish-house was the Place de Moullace. A little Eden it had been, green and fresh with the verdure of the gocoanut and the royal palm, under the shade of which the residents of St. Pierre were wont to gather

in daily gossip.

Not so much as the stump of a tree remained to indicate the former beauties of this little bit of tropical Paradise. Trees as sturdy and tall as many of the beautiful elms of Central Park had been shorn off and shriveled under the blast, and then their stems had been literally uprooted and sent hurtling through space against the wrecked walls of the church.

Dead Marshaled in Awful Hosts.

Nowhere was stronger evidence presented than here that the cataclysm was explosive in character. Nowhere else in the silent city were the visible dead marshaled in such awful hosts as in the immediate vicin-ity of the crithedral and the Place de Moul-

One could not escape the thought that, gay and mercurial as was the daily life of St. Pierre, its citizens had flocked in greater numbers than usual to the shadow of the cross during the four days of anxiety and panic that preceded the climax. When Pickett on the last day of Gettys-

when Pickett on the last day of Gettys-burk hurled his legions in the final assault upon Hancock's Second Corps, it was ga'd that, over the ground traversed by that great charge from Seminary Ridge to the point held by Webb's Philadelphia brigade, a man might have walked literally upon the bodies of the slain. Could be have done so, he must have picked his way. In the place de Moullace of St. Pierre, and immediately surrounding the cathedral, one could hardly so pick his way as to escape walking upon the bodies of the dead. It was no exaggeration when Consul Ayme of Guadeloupe said that the streets

of St. Pierre were paved with the corpses of her citizens. Some crude effort there had been made to destroy by fire the grewsome relics spared by the original cataclysm, but the work had been done all too effectively. Fagots of driftwood, piled around and above heaps of the slain, had been fired by negroes employed for that purpose, but the work of cremating was only partly accomplished.
From a sanitary point of view, it is fortunate for Martinique that the vast majority of those who died when her chief city was annihilated are buried so deep as

o need no better sepulchre.
Within the walls of the Cathedral the ruin is complete. Even the altar was not spared, though one of the earliest rescuing parties upon the ground succeeded in sav-

either by passengers or crew. In the shadow of such a horror all were awed. But now living beings were seen scrambling only to prey upon the city of the dead.

Scandal Attached To Du Bury's Action.

Something of scandal has attached to the circumstances under which the chalice was rescued. In the first party to penetrate within the Cathedral walls was Captain Du Burry, a British army officer, in command of a detachment of artillery at Barbadoes. Captain Du Bury is himself a devout Cath-olic. In produing about through the debris of the Cathedral, he found the sacred yessel and an intimate friend of his, whom I saw last night, is authority for the statement that the wafer was found intact, though baked to a hardened mass. Not in the scotling spirit of a curio-hunter,

but reverently and devoutly, Captain Du Bury took the chalice and bore it to Barba does, intending there to transfer it into th custody of priests of the Catholic Church with whom he was well acquainted.

The facts became known in Fort d France, and French residents, resenting the action of a foreign army officer in intruding into the sacred places of their city started the story that Captain Du Bury had engaged in what was little, if any better, than looting of the altar. In Fort de France the subject has now become a public scan-dal, and there is open gossip of a possible military court of inquiry to investigate Capain Du Bury's action at the request of the French authorities of the colony. Captain Du Bury being in Barbadoes, i

was impossible to-day to obtain his version of the incident at first hand, but one of his intimate friends—an officer of the United States Navy, Lieutenant Cyrus Robinson Miller, attached to the cruiser Cincinnatihas assured me that Captain Du Bury had immediately indicated his intention of transferring the chalice to the Catholic church authorities. Knowing the artillery Cap-tain's character as well as he does, and knowing his church affiliations, Mr. Miller says that nothing could be more foreign to his character than a desire to appropriate to his own use vessels which he would hold

Consul Prentis Had Thought of Leaving.

One of the chief centers of American in-terest was naturally in the ruins of the charming little villa in which the late Thomas T. Prentis, his wife and two daughters made their home. He was the American Consul at St. Pierre.

With a feeling that appears now almos like a premonition of disaster, he had come to entertain a strange repugnance for his post of duty. In this feeling his wife and daughters shared. Mr. Prentis and his friend, Mr. Ayme, stationed in Guadeloupe had actually discussed seriously a possible exchange of billets, as Mr. Ayme though better of St. Pierre than did his friend i te consular service.

Several days ago, attended by a guide

Mr. Ayme penetrated to the house oc-cupled by the dead Consul. He found it as we found it yesterday. In the ruins of the structure, between what was formerly Mr. Prentis's consular office and the apartment used as his family dining-room, were unovered what are believed to be the re-mains of the Consul and his wife. Mr. Ayme carefully noted the location, and then consulted with the Captain of the United States steamship Cincinnati. Two metallic caskets now lie on the cruiser's deck ready to receive the bodies as soon as they can be removed.

Fort de France's Scare Not Serious.

This task was to have been undertaken yesterday, and the officers of the British warship Indefatigable were to have made a similar effort to recover the body of the British Consul, Mr. Japp. Though neither the body of the British official nor neither the body of the British official nor those of Mr. and Mrs. Prentis can be positively identified, the position in which was found leaves little doubt as to their actual identity.

The proposed expedition into the buried city had to be prepared yesterday, because none of the native guides or negroes who are to be employed in the task was stouthearted enough to undertake it since the slight scare caused in Fort de France by a renewed shower of ashes Saturday night, which a shift of the wind blew in from the

which a shift of the wind blew in from the crest of Pelee.

For a time during Saturday evening Fort de France was in a state of trepidation, and anxious eyes were directed all night toward the crater of the volcano. There was nothing approaching a panic, however, and when the Luckenbach left the harbor of Fort de France at 1 o'clock Monday morning, May 19, it was expected that the morning, May 19, it was expected that the recovery of the bodies of both the Amer-ican and British Consuls would be accom-plished later in the day.

Body of Daughter of Italian Consul.

After leaving the ruins in which the American and British Consuls met death with their families, the Republic-Herald party located another dwelling to which attaches a mournful interest. It was that in which the charming daughter of the Consul for Italy to Barbados was visiting with friends. The Italian Consul had been among the first to come to St. Pierre in search of the body of his child. Strangely enough, it was his fortune to identify his daughter's re-mains beyond peradventure of doubt. The explosive blast, which had reduced wroughtfron machinery to pulp and heavy masonry o powder, by a strange freak had left intact a bit of needlework and a garment of French make, which told the Consul that

that they had been about to start for a drive when the storm of death swept through the streets and blasted them with na the ounding of the English bank the bank clock was plainly visible, its hands standing at five minutes past 8. Other clocks were found in the ruins, however, which had been stopped a few minutes be-The vaults of the British bank have not

wreck of a volante which had stood direct-

ly in front of the house where his daughter was a guest, told plainly enough the story

yet been forced open, and, when we visited the place, the ruin was entirely Inguarded. The British expedition, under the auspices of the officers of the indefatigable, is expected to recover the specie and other valuable property from these vaults at the same time it makes the effort to recover the body of the British Consul. From the vaults of the Bank of Martinians \$5,000 in speci-has already been recovered, and from its private vault compartments have been excavated jeweiry, sliverware and other pri-vate property on deposit there to an aggre-gate value of \$300,000.

Rich Loot at the Mercy of Ghouls.

Though many ghouls have already prowled through the catacomb of the rulned city. St. Pierre presents a profitable field for the would-be looter. It would have been easy for any member of our party, during the hours we tramped over the entombed town, to have filled barrels with silver spoons, coins, earrings, finger rings, jewelry and knicknacks of all kinds, many of them of intrinsic value and others of interest solely as souvenirs. In the ruins of every house of the better residential quarters might have been picked up scores of such trinkets. Looters had entered the town the moment its streets had sufficiently cooled to make that possible. They were busily at work there when the United States steam-

ship Potomac, which arrived nearly a week ago, ran into the harbor. The naval offi-cers placed under arrest a party of one white man and five negroes, who were found white man and hive negroes, who were found burdened with loot. Their only explanation was that they were endeavoring to recover the property of relatives who had been killed in the disaster. The Potomac trans-ferred her prisoners to the captain of the French battleship Suchet, but he seemingly attached little importance to the matter and set them free. set them free.

While an effort was being made to cre-mate such bodies of victims as were found directly upon the surface or not deeply buried, there was some attempt to police the rulns and to prevent the entrance of undestrable visitors. The guard was maintained, however, only a few days, and now any person, hardy enough to brave the threatening clouds of vapory steam that roll almost continuously from a dozen fresh vents around the sides of old Mont Pelee. deserted city.

On the very day that the British and American expeditions destined to recover the bodies of their Consuls had been postponed because of the renewed evidences of volcanic energy. The Republic party found no difficulty in penetrating well into the town except such as were presented by the material obstacles impeding their path

Pictures Secured of Minor Eruptions.

It is certainly true that Mont Pelee wor a forbidding front, and a dozen times dur-ing the afternoon of exploration a shout from one of the party called the attention of the others to a tremendous column of smoke that went searing aloft from somnewly opened vent or crevice, where only the blue sky had appeared an instant be

The Republic photographers were fortu nate in being able to secure snap shots of several of these subsidiary eruptions at the moment of their occurrence. The only im-mediately unpleasant result, so far as con-cerned those who were in the ruined streets of the town, was an evident increase short-ly afterward in the downfall of fluttering ashes that coated shirts, hats and gaiter alike a dirty gray.

Strange contrasts were presented at ev ery pace during this grewsome journey. There were sugar mills and distilleries, in which heavy machinery was crushed and pulverized, so as to be hardly recognisable. Ponderous fly wheels and cylinder heads were flattened out and shivered by tome tilingle force and yet in one instance. tome titanic force, and yet, in one instance at least, in a house not a hundred yards from where such manifestations of power visible, so fragile a thing as a tropica

were visible, so fragile a thing as a tropical bird had been spared mutilation.

Outside the balcony of one of the houses facing toward the sea a roomy wooden cage was suspended from either end by two wires. Its support at one end had been detached, but it hung securely from the other. The cage had not even been scorched. At its bettom dead but unburged and At its bottom, dead, but unburned, and brilliant yet in the bright colors of the tropical plumage, lay a heron, doubtless the pet of some St. Pierre belle.

Next door to the house where the bird in his feathered panoply had escaped the death blast, a building, fitted with great, thick caken doors, had been riddled a though under the fire of a battery of rified guns. The doors were blown from their hinges and great ragged openings yawned through their panels, as though volleys of buckshot had been poured through them.

Last View of the Demon, Mont Pelee.

Leaving Fort de France at 1 o'clock Mon-day morning. May 19, the Luckenbach ran past St. Pierre and then under the brow of Pelee long before daylight. The volcano at that time was an awe-inspiring spectacle Great clouds of fleecy vapor were rolling aloft, not only from the main crater, bu from many other seams or vents that had been opened along its slopes. Some of these are well down toward the base. The moon was shining full and touching with silver the great columns of smoky vapor that rolled aloft in rings and spirals toward the zenith. Only from the mouth of the main crater was the fleecy mass reddened to an angry russett glow by the flery furnaces As the Luckenbach skirted the shore, giv

ing the volcano a wide berth of not less than four miles, the distant muttering of its thunder could be heard, and as the steamer's passengers and crew listened awe stricken, the topmost crater belohed again Long tongues of fire shot up through the smoke, now black and juried with ashes an dust. The heavens glowed red above old Pelce's crest, as they do when some gi-gantic conflagration at night writes its signal aloft where all may read it within radius of miles.

The horrors encountered in an afternoon

pilgrimage through the dead city of St. Pierre must stamp themselves for life upon the memories of those who saw them. As we forged seaward, our last glimpse of the flery mouth of the demon that had wr flery mouth of the demon that had wrough such havor was a spectacle never to be for

TWO FRENCHMEN SAW ERUPTION

Comte de Fitzjames and Baron Fontenilliat, Who Escaped From Jaws of Death, Relate Experience.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. New York, May 26.-Comte de Fitzjames who, with Baron Fontenilliat, witnessed the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique, es caping destruction in a most marvelous manner and by the display of great forti-tude and presence of mind, described his impressions here to-day.

Both these French travelers realize now how favored they have been by fortune, and each shows in his appearance the hardships he endured. They arrived in New York to-day on the Red D Line steamship, the Caracas, from San Juan. Continuing his narrative, Comte de Fitzjames said: The bodies of a team of horses and the

"From a boat in the roadstead in front of
St. Pierre Baron Fontenilliat and I wit-

nessed the cataclysm that came upon the city. We saw the shipping destroyed by a breath of fire. We saw the cable ship Grappler keel over under the whirlwind and slik as though drawn down into the waters of the harbor by some force from below The Roralma was overcome and burned at

The Roraima was overcome and burned at anchor. The Roddam, a trifle more fortunate, was able to escape like a stricken moth which crawis from a flame that has burned its wings and left it a cripple to suffer until death relieves.

"Our own danger was great, and, had it not been for the bravery and courage of the Baron I would have perished as miserably as did the thousands of wretches ashore. I was stunned, unable to lift a hand to assist myself Baron de Fentenii liat dragged me from the boat into the water, where he supported me until I was so far recovered as to be able to care for myself."

Calm of Fateful Morning Abnormal.

"Baron de Fontenilliat and I had been in rench Guiana on a business trip relating to some mining property in which we are interested. We learned, upon our arrival at Carbet, that are eruption of Mont Pelee had destroyed a part of the village of Frecheur, on the other side of the harbor. That was the eruption of May 2. We made immediate arrangements to visit the scene of the disputer. Two restricts beatment were of the disaster. Two negro boatmen were employed to take us across the bay, and it was the fact that we made an early start the next morning that saved our lives, "As we made our way across the water we more than half-faced Mont Pelee, which was throwing off a heavy cloud of smoke, steam and ashes. No flames were to be

"On shore the inhabitants could be seen making their way about the water front. The city was to the right. Small craft piled about the harbor, some trading with the ships that were at anchor, while in some fishermen were going out to the fishing

grounds just off Carbet.
"I should have said that the caim of the morning was almost abnormal. Not a ripple was to be seen on the face of the

ea. "The rumblings from the boweis of the nountain were majestic in tone. I cannot tell you just how they sounded, but per-haps you can imagine a mighty hand play-ing upon the strings of a harp greater than all the world. The notes produced were deep and full of threatening. There was a jarring sensation and every now and then there was a commotion of the waters that caused a swell without making the surface

Terrific Explosion From the Crate.

"Out from the shore put a small launch arrying the pennant of Fovernor Moullet. The Governor, at the last moment, had real-ized that the situation was filled with a terrible danger. He was attempting to es-cape with his family and a few friends. I had commented to Baron de Fontenilliat upon the appearance of the Governor's craft. Neither of up rays to the interior. craft. Neither of us gave to the incident

its true significance.

"While we were talking there came an explosion that was beyond any that ever before happened. I can only liken it to a shot from a mammoth cannon. The breath of fire west description. of fire swept down upon the city and water front with all of the force that could have been given to it by such a cannon. The explosion was without warning and the ef-

fect was instantaneous.

"Cinders were shot into our face with stinging effect. The air was filled with stinging effect. The air was filled with fames. Involuntarily we raised our hands to protect our faces. I noted the gesture when I saw the bodies of the victims on shore. Arms had been raised and the bonds. shore. Arms had been raised, and the hands were extended with the palms outward-a gesture that in a peculiar manner indicated iread and horror.

"When the explosion came our two boat-men were either thrown from the boat or with a quick impulse they sprang overboard. It was the one thing to have done to save their lives, but, unfortunately for them, they lost their presence of mind, and, instead of staying by the side of the boat, they swam away in the direction of Pre-chure, which we were approaching when

the disaster came.
"It was impossible for them to land at Prechure, so they were compelled to put back. They then struck out across the bay, evidently hoping to reach Carbett. We saw neither of them again, and I have no doubt

Dragged Into Water By His Companion.

"My brave companion had the same im-pulse that actuated the negroes. He sprang into the water, and when he saw that I did not move, he reached up, and, catching m by the shoulders, dragged me from th boat. I was stunned at first and, though i was not a physical injury, I could not move of my own volition until the cool water re-stored my senses. It was so that we could see all that happened about us.

"The Grappler rushed through the water as far as her anchor cable would permit. Then she seemed to rise by the bow and when she settled back she sank almost be fore the force of the explosion had spent itself. The Roraima was all a mass of flames for several seconds.

"We could see the poor wretches aboard of her rushing about in a vain attempt to escape from the fire that enveloped them. Captain Muggah-or, at least, I suppose that it was he-made an attempt to give orders to the maddened crew. Then he staggered to the railing and fell overboard. "The Roddam was also oversome the "The Roddam was also overcome. Her gangway was over the side. Her upper works were wrecked, but by heroic effort those on board were able to let go the anchor, and, after many attempts, the ship began to move. She literally crawled away, it was a splendid displace of sources. It was a splendid display of courage. At least three hours elapsed after the explo-sion before the Roddam cleared the harbor,

Everything on Shore A Mass of Flame.

were in the harbor.

"On shore all was affame. The city burned with a terrible roar. We realized that the inhabitants had all died, as not one was to be seen making an attempt to escape. a cry was heard save from the ships that

"Our own condition was desperate in the extreme. The heat was intense. We were able to keep our faces above the surface of the water for a second at a time at the most. We would take a mouthful of air and then sink into the water to stay there until forced to come to the surface again. "This only lasted about three minutes After that we were able to float by the side of the boat, dipping only occasionally. Whe we could sustain the heat that filled the air we clambered back into the boat and rowed

ack to Carbet.
"Gustave Dore, in his most ecstatic delir ium, never conceived anything so dramatic and so awe-inspiring as was St. Pierre after it had been desolated by the whirlwind of fire that swept down upon it from Mont Pelee. It was more than a city of the dead. It was an Inferno, magnified and realized. I looked upon it and the vision was such that its impression will never be remove

Awful Music from Depths of Earth.

"From the depths of the earth came rum blings, an awful music, which cannot be described. I called my companion's name and my voice echoed back at me from a

core of angles. "All the air was filled with the acrid vapors that had belched from the mouth of the volcano. I had been beaten down by the force of the explosion until I was too weary to realize the miracle that had left Baron de Fontellilat and myself among the few survivors, and the only ones who were permitted to force our way into St. Pierre as far as the still living flames would

permit.

"Just now my mind seems to return to its normal condition, and I look back upon that Thursday morning and the hours that immediately followed as upon some fearful nightmare."

OPPOSES LEAVING ROUTE TO PRESIDENT.

Senate Committee Says Such Action on Isthmian Canal Would Be Bad Policy.

COLOMBIA SHARPLY ARRAIGNED

South American Republic Playing for Time and Not Dealing Sincerely With the United States.

Washington, May M .- Senator Morgal from the Committee on Isthmian Canals today submitted to the Senate the adverse re port of that committee on Senator Hear's bill placing the selection of a route for as isthmian canal in the hands of the Prestdent.

The committee opposes the bill on the ground that it makes no provision for further exploration of routes and leaves the President to make a selection on the statement of facts already ascertained.

It is contended that "however safely the country may rely on the wisdom and just discretion of the Executive, the policy is not wise nor safe as a rule of government." not wise not safe as a rule of government.

The report discusses at length the protocols with Colombia and Nicaragua and
Costa Rica, and it is stated incidentally
that former Colombian Minister Silva was
invited to appear before the committee, but
had declined to do so. Of the agreements
with Costa Rica and Nicaragua it is said
that they was definite and complete as idthat they "are definite and complete as to character and scope of the rights they have

with Costa, Rica and Nicaragia it is said that they "are definite and complete as to character and scope of the rights they have agreed to concede to the United States," and it is argued that if they are ratified nothing will be left but to complete the details of the arrangements necessary to carry the agreements into effect.

Colombia, on the other hand, is charged with playing for delay, and it is stated that "to hold Colombia to her present offer it is necessary, under article 27, that ratifications shall be exchanged within eight months from its date, and the practical impossibility of concluding all the necessary arrangements provided for in her proposition within eight months shows that her most carnest desire is to cause delay."

It is argued that Colombia does not by her protocol prepose to sell her Panama. Canal and railroad property free of all existing claims, concessions and incumbrances, but leaves the United States to work out a title with the Panama Company. It is then charged that "the insincerity of the attitude of Colombia with reference to the completion of the Panama Canal is shown, almost without disguise, in the character of the demands made by that Government as to the condition of the transfer of the canal and stock in the Panama Railroad to the United States."

Secka Possession of Everything.

The report closes by saying:

"Colombia is anxious to get rid of the Panama Canal Company without giving offense to France, so that she can seize and possess all the plant of the canal company, all the lands and houses it owns in Panama, including the great hospital, the machine shops and wharves at Colon, all the vast machinery in use by the canal company, the hospitals and the other houses, polisees built for De Lesseps and his son, and become the owner of it all, along with the Panama Railroad, which reverts to her in 1966.

"If this should be adopted, not only would delay attend the opening of the canal, bu

1866. "If this should be adopted, not only would delay attend the opening of the canal, but the United States would assume obligations is the world that it would be impossible to Reep and delations with Colombia that would deprive the canal of value to the United States and make it a cause for irritation that must involve the most serious consequences."

gennenternatatescetesces In the City.

CHURCH FESTIVAL-The ladies of the Lindell Avenue Christian Church, Lin-dell boulevard and Vandeventer avenue, will give an ice cream festival on the church lawn this evening.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE MEETING—The Republican City Central Committee will meet at 8 o'clock this evening in the Merchants' League Ciub, at No. 3721 Pine

FRANK STUMPF MISSING—Frank Stumpf, 24 years old, of No. 3005 Salena street, has been missing from home since Saturday evening. The police have been asked to assist in the search.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION—The Alumni Association of the St. Louis College of Pharmacy will give their annual moonlight excursion Thursday evening. May 29, on the steamer City of Providence. PUBLIC RIGHTS LEAGUE MEETING The Citizens' Public Rights League will hold an open meeting Thursday evening at the Lindell Avenue Christian Church, Lin-dell boulevard and Vandeventer avenue.

HORNSBY ACTING AS MAYOR—Pres-ident Hornsby of the City Council is offi-ciating as Acting Mayor during the absence of Mayor Wells, who is in Tennessee on private business. The Mayor is expected back Wednesday.

AROUSED BY EARLY MORNING FIRE

The families of Joseph Franz and Anton
Jesky were driven from their home, at No.
3717 Florissant avenue, by fire which was
discovered shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday
morning. The flames spread to the dwelling of William Beisigel, at No. 3715 Florissant avenue, doing 1125 damage. The cause
of the fire is not known. DIED OF HIS INJURIES—Thomas
Anonizious, a barber, died at the City Hospital at 5 o'dock yesterday morning from
injuries sustained by being run down by a
Burlington train near Humboldt avenue, In
Baden, Sunday night. His left leg and his
left arm were cut off. He lived at No. 1332
North Eighth street.

HENRY ALT'S ESTATE—An inventory of the estate of Henry Alt, former Harber and Wharf Commissioner, which was filed in probate yesterday, describes property frontling fifty feet on Allen avenue; sixty four feet on Shenandoah street, twenty-seyen feet on Virginia avenue; twenty-eight feet on Minnesota avenue; a leasehold of property fronting twenty-five feet on Russell avenue and a personal estate of 511,-507.28.

REPUBLICAN CLUB INCORPORATI Circuit Judge Fisher yesteriay granted a proforma decree of incorporation to the Citizens' Republican Club of the Eight-eeenth Ward. The officers are: Edward H. Conrades, president; F. C. Kamp, first vice president; William A. Block, second vice president; H. W. Beck, secretary, and Edward C. Kampfer, treasurer.

ward C. Kampfer, treasurer.

INCORPORATED—The Halsey Automobile Company, capitalized at 330,000, filed articles of Incorporation vesterday with the Recorder of Deeds. The stock consists of 300 shares, valued at 3100 each. Oscar L. Halsey holds 179 shares, Augustus C. Halsey 129 and Edward J. Snowden one. The General Optical Company has a capital stock of 320,000, of which 317,000 is paid in, divided into 230 shares, valued at 3100 each. Herman F. Jacob holds fifty-six, James D. Bradley thirty-six, William W. Coup thirty-six, Fred H. Smith thirty-six, Oscar Swanson one, Hamilton E. Perrin one, Richard L. Hogarth one, Ed F. McKee one, Anna McKee one and William C. Avery one.

SHAW DIVORCE, SULT TRIED—The

SHAW DIVORCE SUIT TRIED-The SHAW DIVORCE SUIT TRIED—The divorce suit of Middred Shaw against William F. Shaw, who charges her husbaged with desertion, was tried in Judge Taity division of the Circuit Court yesterday and taken under advisement. They were married March. 1898, and separated December 7, 1809. The testimony showed that shortly after the marriage Shaw got into trouble; that his wife did all that she could in visinterest; that she made her living by keeping boarders and also assisted him with money, and that in a few months after the trouble was over he left her. She said she does not know where he is. She asks for the restoration of her maiden name, Middred Stewart McKercher.

HELENA MONT—E. D. Weed, formerly United States District Attorney for Montana, has been suspended by the Supreme Court from practice in the courts of Montana for a period of two years, having been found guilty of malpractice and deceit as an attorney and counselor.